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Mars or Christ?

BY ERNEST FREMONT TITTLE

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, and the truth and the life. John 14:6.

IN HIGH SCHOOL, even in college, the religion of ancient Rome meant nothing to me. True, I learned the names of gods and goddesses and something of the nature and function that were attributed to them, so that I was able to pass an examination in Roman mythology. Yet I am bound to confess that I was not able to make anything of this religion of ancient Rome. On what appeared to be indisputable authority—a text-book—I was prepared to believe that there were, long ago, human beings who believed in such deities as Janus and Jupiter, Minerva and Mars; but why they did so I was never able to make out. In Rome's whole pantheon there was not one god whom I could think of as having ever been an object of real faith and devotion.

Today, however, I find it quite possible to believe that in ancient Rome there were human beings, not unlike ourselves, who could and did worship Mars, knowing as I do that this ancient god of war is still being worshiped in every part of the world—not, to be sure, under his ancient name, but none the less actually and earnestly. Here, for example, is a lieutenant-colonel in the United States Army who writes, "In this world of ours force is the ultimate power"; a major, also, who declares, "Force is the ultimate sanction in the world." And here is Hitler, saying, "By war alone can nations fulfill their destiny." And here is Mussolini, saying: "War alone brings up to its highest tension all human energy and places the stamp of nobility on the peoples who have the courage to meet it." If this belief in force as ultimate power, as also this rhapsodical glorification of force, is not the worship of Mars, what is it?

Objection may be made that quotations such as these do not represent any considerable body of present-day opinion; they represent only the lunatic fringe of contemporary thought. But true though it may be that a

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mystical, ecstatic glorification of force is a rare phenomenon, it certainly is not true that only a very few people today believe that "in this world of ours force is the ultimate power." Believers in force present much the same temperamental differences as appear in believers in other gods, but it can hardly be denied that they are now a multitude such as no man could number. Nor can it be denied that one very important reason why they believe in force is because they want a number of things which cannot be secured without a display, if not the use, of force. Such things as absolute national sovereignty; a chance to inflate one's ego by boasting citizenship in "the greatest country in the world"—the country, that is, which has the biggest army or navy or air force; and a chance to control, in one's own interest or supposed interest, markets and raw materials which are vital also to the welfare of other peoples.

PREPARATION FOR WAR

Now, one result of this worship of Mars is, of course, a continuing threat of war. Why, wanting peace, are we threatened with war? If you attempt to place the blame upon the munitions makers, you have still to say why these incredible "merchants of death" are able to secure a market for their product. If you attempt to place it on the yellow press, you have still to say why it is that a vicious, irresponsible press is able to secure such huge circulations. If you say, "The answer is fascism," you have still to say why fascism is able to get such a hold upon millions of men. If you say it is because of political and economic practices which make for war, you have still to say why it is that we tolerate practices which make for the very catastrophe we are so eager to escape. And if, at last, you feel constrained to suppose, "It must be because we are dumb," you have still to explain why it is we are so dumb when it comes to practices which make for war yet not so dumb when it comes to practices which make for disease. After all is said, it is hard, is it not? to escape the conclusion that the reason why, wanting peace, we are threatened with war is just the fact that, thanks to the beliefs and passions which we allow to rule our lives, we do in effect worship Mars.

Nor is a continuing threat of war the only result of this widespread worship of Mars. Another result is preparation for war and everything that involves. Even though you do not believe that "war alone places the stamp of nobility upon the peoples who have the courage to meet it," if you do believe that "in this world of ours force is the ultimate power," then, of course, you will prepare for war. Now, it hardly seems necessary to point out that preparation for war means money spent on battleships which is needed for bread and for decent housing, good roads, adequate schools and scientific research. This fact is at once generally recognized and generally deplored. But consider also another fact, which is not generally recognized although it is far more deplorable. Preparing for war, you do not prepare for peace. On the contrary, you feel constrained to oppose any and all preparations for peace, for the obvious reason that preparations for peace are incompatible with preparations for war. Indeed, they may seriously interfere with preparations for war. Thus, preparing for war, you feel obliged to oppose any suggestion of internationalism, any ideal or hope of world organization, any attempt through collective action to achieve collective security, any attempt even to develop a mentality that would make for peace. In Italy today, as also in Germany, little boys eight years old are being put in uniforms, instructed in the art of killing, and indoctrinated with the philosophy of force. And in Italy, as also in Germany, any advocacy of international law, order, justice is now sternly forbidden.

HYSTERIA IN THE COLLEGES

Nor is the United States of America entirely free from opposition to preparations for peace. True, in most cases our student demonstrations against war have been allowed to go unopposed; but not in all. At one college, after an administrative officer had said, "This peace meeting is a blind for a radical gathering. The administration of the college will have no objection if other students toss these radicals into the river," the student leader of the peace meeting, as also the student pastor of a local church, was heckled, pelted with overripe fruit, and "tossed into the river." At another college, two girl students were clubbed into unconsciousness. At a third, the board of trustees decreed that any criticism whatsoever of the R.O.T.C. should be punishable by expulsion. At a fourth, a teacher of history, one of the most brilliant and beloved men on the faculty, was dismissed because of a too realistic analysis of the causes of war. And during the past two years, as who does not know, the schools of this country, both public and private, have been subjected to an unprecedented pressure on the part of politicians, newspapers and other organizations in bitter opposition to that tradition of free inquiry which President Conant of Harvard has pronounced "the fundamental tradition of scholarship" and which, for obvious reasons, is essential to any serious preparation for peace.

Here, then, is another result of the worship of Mars —a state of mind, a kind of hysteria, which is inimical at once to preparations for peace and to scholarship, sane thinking, a humane and civilized existence.

THE BRUTALITY OF WAR

Undeniably, Mars is making monkeys of us. He is causing us to think and say and do all sorts of stupid, senseless, dangerous things. Indeed, in view of the fact that we are now proposing to drop bombs that will disembowel women and children, it does not seem too much to say that Mars is making brutes of us, stripping from us the last shred of our manhood and causing us to do contemptible and indecent things—the acts of a cad. Yet it is only because we believe in him that Mars has this awful power over us. If we did not believe in him, he could not frighten us into voting huge appropriations for armaments and thus levying burdensome taxes upon ourselves; nor could he induce us to sanction political or economic practices which make for the thing we dread; nor could he maneuver us into a blind and bitter opposition to any and all preparations for peace. If only we should cease to believe that "in this world of ours force is the ultimate power" and cease to care for things

that make for war, the power of Mars to frighten, imperil and curse the world would be broken; provided only we should then give our faith and devotion to the God of Peace.

Like the man in the parable who gets rid of an unclean spirit only to make room for seven other spirits more unclean than the first, so the man who in 1919 shows Mars the door, glad to be rid of him, may in 1936 welcome him back with seven new ways of killing people; and this he will do unless he discovers some other god to whom he may give his allegiance. Only faith can destroy faith. Only passion can overcome passion. Only a new love can permanently displace an old. If Mars

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is ever to be dethroned, some other god must be enthroned in the city of man's soul.

For my own part, I believe there is need of a league of nations, making possible international order instead of the international anarchy that now prevails in the world. I believe there is need of a world court, making possible a judicial settlement of international disputes. I believe there is need of an unhindered access, for all nations, to essential markets and raw materials. And there is, I believe, imperative need of a reformation of certain of our present political and economic practices, so that instead of practices that make for war there will be practices that make for peace. But, I confess, I have very little hope that any of these needs will ever be greatly met unless there is a redirection of human faith and devotion.

WAR IS NOT INEVITABLE

There are people today who believe in Christ, at least to the extent of believing in what he stood for; but they do not believe that what he stood for will ever prevail in the world. In their view, what appears in Christ is a glorious idealism which is destined forever to be frustrated by the inertia, the stupidity, and the greed of mankind. To be sure, what he stood for deserves to prevail, for it is indeed the Way and the Truth and the Life. But how can it prevail against organized self-interest, against the power of a vicious press, and against the awful credulity of the man on the street? No, in a world where self-interest plays as large a part as it does "in this world of ours," it must be true that "force is the ultimate power." Self-interest will yield to force; it will hardly yield to anything else. From which, of course, the inference is drawn that war is inevitable; and people who believe that war is inevitable can hardly be expected to prepare for peace; they can only be expected to prepare for an eventuality which, however much they may deplore it, they conceive to be inevitable. People may be expected to prepare for peace only when they believe that peace is possible. And people who are sufficiently intelligent to recognize the underlying causes of war will hardly believe in the possibility of peace unless they believe that what Christ stood for will ultimately prevail in the world, inasmuch as what it represents is the ultimate reality of the world, the final secret of the universe, the mind and purpose of almighty God.

If ever mankind is seriously to prepare for peace, human faith in Mars must give way to faith in Christ; by which, at this point, I definitely mean faith that Christ is an authentic and supreme revelation of the nature of the Power behind the universe.

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?

As I see it, however, there is also another belief about Christ that is essential to effective preparation for peace; namely, that he saw the truth about life and pointed out the way to life, that fulness of life which we human creatures passionately desire but which, alas, too many of us are seeking in directions where it will never be found. There is now in the world a passionate desire for peace on the part of people who also desire certain other things incompatible with peace. Why do we want things incompatible with peace? The answer undoubtedly is because we think that they, if we had them, would give us fulness of life. Thus men want wealth far greater than they need, and social prestige based upon wealth, and power over other people born of the possession of wealth. Or they want a chance to stick out their chests and inflate their egos by boasting membership in the "greatest nation on earth"—a nation which, because it has a big army or navy or air force, is able to lord it over other peoples and play the bully in international affairs. We want things incompatible with peace because we suppose that in that way lies happiness, a sense of achievement, of personal worth and significance; whereas all history, to the contrary, shows that in that way lies disillusionment, a growing sense of frustration and of futility, as also a growing sense of strain which finally bursts into an orgy of destruction.

But "behold the man"—if I may venture to use in a way he never intended words used by Pontius Pilate: "behold the man" who saw the truth about life and pointed out the way to life. Here was One who raised

the question: What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Which may prompt men now alike to ask, What shall it profit me if I gain the power of a Mussolini—and the condemnation of history? Or, what shall it profit me if I gain the wealth of a Zaharoff—and the execration of mankind? Here was One who declared that true and enduring greatness may be gained only in service to one's kind; who pleaded with men to give their lives to something greater than self—the universal kingdom of God—and in so doing to gain for themselves that breadth of vision, that largeness of heart, that richness of experience which constitute fulness of life. If only human beings in increasing numbers could be made to see that the life they so passionately crave may be found only in the way of Christ, then a world which now lives in terrible fear of war would not only want peace but, ceasing to want things incompatible with peace, would be able to put an end to war.

Or would it? Someone may say: "Recognizing as I do the truth of what has been said I am left with but little hope of enduring peace, for it all comes to this: we can have peace *if* enough of us dare to believe in the possibility of peace, and *if* enough of us stop wanting things that make for war and start wanting things that make for peace—two very big *ifs*. Indeed, I am inclined to think they are much too big for that multitude of men who, as you rightly contend, are finally responsible for the destiny of the race." Well, to anyone who feels driven to that conclusion I can only say that, conceding as I do the "bigness" of these essential conditions of peace, I nevertheless believe that a world which all too long has tolerated the stupidity and suffered the consequences of war will one day achieve a just and lasting peace.

HUMAN BEHAVIOR CAN BE CHANGED!

I believe this because, for one reason, I am fully convinced that human behavior can be changed. Indeed, I do not see how, in the light of history, anyone can think otherwise; for, undeniably, human behavior has been changed and so drastically changed that to us the cruelty of past generations appears nauseating; to us such once common practices as the exposure of unwanted babies, the burning of witches, punishment without trial, and trial of torture, not to mention cannibalism and human sacrifice, seem monstrous, if not incredible. Given new ideas, new conceptions of right and new standards of value, human behavior can be changed. And what is more, and very important, it can now be changed much more rapidly than it was in the past; for the reason that, thanks to the spread of popular education and to such modern inventions as the movie and the radio, we now have at our disposal agencies of propaganda which our fathers did not possess. Seeing, as in Italy, Germany, Russia and Japan, what a resolute minority can do with such agencies of propaganda as we now possess, we surely may venture to suppose that, although we cannot hope for such immediate results as may be gained by those who use not only propaganda but castor oil, we can hope to achieve far more permanent, as also far more beneficent, results in human thought and behavior —we who are propagandists of the cause of peace; provided only that in the promotion of our cause we become as persistent and determined as they are in the forwarding of theirs.

Worshipers of Mars, notwithstanding the immediate efficacy of their controlled press and concentration camps, have opposed to them the moral structure of the universe, the ultimate reality of the world; whereas propagandists of peace have a mighty ally—the purpose and power of a Christlike God.

The Humility of God

By Leslie D. Weatherhead

I WANT this morning, and tonight, to look at the lovely incident which is recorded only in the fourth Gospel—the washing of the disciples' feet. This morning I want us to concentrate on these words: "Jesus knowing that the Father had committed all things into his hands; Jesus, knowing that he came forth from God and goeth unto God, washed his disciples' feet."

First of all, we must try to look at the picture that is before us. Imagine, if you can, an upper room at Jerusalem—a room probably built with a flat roof on Mark's father's house. As I imagine it, the pillars down one side, with curtains hanging, not quite going to the top of the arch, and not quite coming down to the floor, so as to give the maximum of privacy, and the maximum of fresh air. A long room: the lamp, suspended from the roof, swaying in the evening breeze. And then, running down the length of the room, a long table, only eighteen inches high, and couches arranged at an angle with it, on which the guests reclined, as they still do in so many places in the East: on the left elbow, leaving the right hand free with which to eat.

There are no servants waiting on the guests at this meal. That is a very important thing to remember. If there had been servants, then this lovely incident would never have happened. Remember that the meal is secret. The days are dangerous. Jesus himself has made arrangements for this meal with very great care. You remember that expressive phrase of his: "With desire I have desired to eat this Passover with you." It is a very difficult expression to translate from the Greek, but the probable meaning is: "With great longing have I wanted to have this meal with you before the end." He himself has arranged, you remember, for the man carrying the pitcher of water. A friend of mine, who was in Palestine for twenty years, said he had only on one occasion seen a man carrying a pitcher of water. You see the inwardness of it. It would be strange enough for the disciples not to miss the signal; he was the man they were to follow.

AMID QUARRELING DISCIPLES

You remember, too, that the disciples had been quarreling. I do not know whether you have ever realized it, but the very night before his death, in the holiest place in the world, in the upper room, his men quarreled as to who should be the greatest. Now look at what happens! You have your picture of the room. The

disciples have been quarreling along the road, and at a certain point they separate, so that they may come to the room—not together, which would give away what was happening, but in ones and twos. There are no servants. Mark's parents are themselves going to wait upon the guests. If there had been a servant he would have greeted each guest as he came to the threshold of the room, would have unstrapped his sandals, and when he was reclining at the table would have washed his feet. There were no servants; but a pitcher of water—perhaps the very one we have mentioned—was there, and a basin, and a towel. They come up the stairway from the street to the room and they see the pitcher there, and every one of them walks straight past it. Why? Because they had been quarreling as to who should be the greatest, and not a single one of them was going to demean himself by doing the work of the lowliest.

So they take their places at the table, and you can imagine their feelings. You can imagine them stretching their robes to cover their dirty feet, trying to pretend there is nothing wrong when there is everything wrong. It is almost incredible in the East that a person should recline at a meal without washing his feet. The streets of Jerusalem are filthy enough now; one wonders what they were like then! There is not only the ceremonial defilement: there is all the discomfort of sitting at a meal with the filth and ordure of an Eastern street between the toes. So they are looking like silly, sulky schoolboys, knowing somebody ought to attend to the matter, and not one of them will demean himself to do a slave's work.

THE SERVING SON OF GOD

I want you to notice two lovely words: "During supper." Some versions say "After supper," because it seems a strange thing to do in the middle of supper. But you see the inwardness of it. Jesus is waiting until Mark's parents are withdrawn. He won't give his men away while strangers are there, but as soon as the door is closed and Mark's parents have gone out—during supper—he rose, and took off his outer garment, and took a towel, and girded himself, and poured water into a basin, and began to do the menial thing not one of them would stoop to do—he began to wash the disciples' feet.

And, men and women, he began to do it, not in the spirit of one who would condescendingly do it in spite of the fact that he was the Son of God. He did it because he was the son of God; because that lowly, loving deed expressed, manifested, made clear all the loveliness, glory and humility of his own heart. I remember once staying in a home which for the time being was servantless: as many homes I know are constantly. A great man was staying in the home, too. He cried: "I'll help you to wash up." He never meant to! Our hostess said: "I should never dream of such a thing," and you could see the relief on his face. Now you see that is just as far from the spirit of Jesus as it can be. He is not doing it in a condescending way. Divinity is not expressed in the way we so often think it is. When we think of divinity our minds leap to angels, and miracles and august manifestations we cannot understand; whereas the very nature of divinity is expressed, made most clear, in simple, humble, loving, lowly deeds.

HOW DIVINITY IS REVEALED

I want to ask you to be very careful how you understand the way in which divinity is revealed. In a hymn which we sing at Christmas we say: "Veiled in flesh the God-head see"—as though the God-head were enclosed, and as it were, if you forgive the phrase, throttled down, dimly perceived. They did not get that hymn line from the New Testament. The New Testament does not say: "Veiled in flesh the God-head see"; it says: manifested in the flesh, made clear there. The divinity of Jesus was something which was only very slowly understood by his own men. The divinity of Jesus was something which only very, very slowly dawned in his own mind. A mind which had anything akin to our minds could not possibly have stood the strain of so mighty a revelation as divinity unless it had come gradually. The human mind ordinarily would snap under such a strain. His divinity to himself was not something in the nature of a flash of lightning. It was something in the nature of a slow dawn which climbs up the sky until the whole day is bright.

The little boy who ran about the streets of Nazareth did not think of himself as God. The little fellow who, with eager eyes, followed what the rabbis were saying did not know what a rabbi was going to say next. It came very slowly. At the baptism he knew; but even then I think in his mind there were questionings, and with a humanity that is so much our own he said to his men: Whom do men say that I am? But the time came when the knowledge filled his whole mind, and he knew who he was. We are talking about the night before his death. Then, knowing that he came forth from God and was going to God, he asserted his divinity, asked for adoration, manifested himself anew in stranger and stranger miraculous happenings and dazzling exhibitions of power? No, no! Jesus, knowing who he was, come forth from God, going to God, began—to wash his disciples' feet.

WHERE ARTISTS AND POETS ERR

You will have to watch the artists, or they will do away with that supreme and lovely manifestation of divinity in the lowly, the humble deed. Your artists who paint the incarnation are bound to paint the scene in a stable, though, they can't quite get away from that. It has to be a stable, but those who, like myself, have wandered round some picture galleries of Europe have seen pictures of stables such as never existed in Bethlehem. You have a cow, looking most un-cowlike. You have an ass, looking most saintly. In the roof of the stables there are little cherubs, with little wings. You see the glory of the whole business is that it was in a stinking, filthy, ordinary stable. The glory of the thing is, if only the artists would understand it, there was not a wonderful light around his baby curls. The glory of the thing is that God poured forth his glory and revealed his nature in a human life. And you must watch your poets, or they will lead you astray just the same. Listen to Milton, who writes of "that glorious form, that light insufferable, and that far-beaming blaze of

majesty." Milton put down his pen and said: Now I have said it! And all the little baby angels in heaven giggled and nudged one another and said: Nothing of the sort! You see, the glory of it all is not in beams of majesty which we add in our human way, trying to make the trappings impressive.

The glory of Christ's divinity is not seen in the terms of the miraculous; no, not in his miracles, but in his life. It is not seen in the power to heal the leper, for we can heal lepers now. Divinity is not seen in the power to heal a leper, but in the desire to heal a leper; in a love that goes on loving as no human love has ever gone on loving, and goes on loving, and goes on loving, so that nothing can ever defeat it, and nothing can ever break it down. Jesus, knowing that he came forth from God and went to God, expressed his divinity in lowly, loving service. Tennyson comes nearer among the poets when he says:

> And so the Word had flesh and wrought
> With human hands the creed of creeds,
> In loveliness of perfect deeds
> More strong than all poetic thought.

It is in the deed not in the trappings of the deed. If I mention the word "majesty" your mind immediately goes to thrones, and scepters, and pomp, and ceremony, and splendor. These are all things that are added so that you may get an idea of majesty, but majesty itself has something in it akin to utter humility, lowly service, unending love. There is another thought here. There is an old Jewish proverb about doing things with unwashed feet; meaning doing them hurriedly, without counting the cost. There is a phrase in English akin to it. Falstaff speaks of doing a thing with unwashed hands: doing it quickly, at once. Jesus is trying to show the nature of God. He is not only utter humility. He is patient and slow, and unassuming, and quiet. "The great grievance I have with God," said Thomas Carlyle, "is that I am in a hurry and he is not."

"IF I WERE GOD"

How blatant some of our most glorious deeds appear, do they not, when we put them side by side with God's way? We launched the Queen Mary. Oh, we felt awfully proud of that. Really it is rather like a little boy pushing a penny Woolworth boat along a bath. In one respect, at any rate, it is like that. We get very excited about it; the papers are full of it; when the vessel arrives at New York, New York goes mad as only New York can. And the other day God launched a new planet and nobody will know anything about it for twenty million years. When I had been thinking a little on this theme, the word that came to me about God was the word "shy." How shy God is! He shall not strive nor cry, neither shall his voice be heard in the streets. "If I were God," a friend of mine said to me, "I would not stand the indifference of the modern generation. I'd jolly well stir them up and let them know I was God. I'd put a brass plate on the door and send a few angels around." And, knowing my friend, I am quite sure he would!

But I listen down the corridor of the years for the trumpet tones of the Almighty calling men to repentance, and I hear a little child crying in the manger; I hear a young man preaching in a boat, rejected and treated with indifference and scorn; I hear a voice coming from lips that are blistered with pain, "Father, forgive them . . . they don't understand. . . ."

THE LOWLINESS OF GREATNESS

One of our fellows a little while ago said he would reach the height of his ambition when he had won the Derby three times. The other day God brought to birth an anemone, and hid it in the grass. We have already announced the coronation of our beloved king, and trumpeters have advertised the fact in the city of

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London. The only coronation He asks is the throne of a penitent, broken heart.

I remember some few years ago I had the privilege of an audience with the present king, then Prince of Wales. Everybody who had a uniform wore it—and, I am tempted to say, everybody who had not a uniform wore it. It was a scene of glittering splendor, and a description of the ladies' dresses filled columns of the papers next day. Lady So-and-so arrived in—well, I must not give the details, for I can't possibly fill them in. It was all very wonderful and splendid. After we had waited a long time we were brought face to face with the one in whose honor the whole function had been arranged. What did we see? Oh, just a young man in black evening dress, smiling, offering his hand in welcome; not nearly so well dressed as the flunky who stood behind him. Ah, the majesty is not in the trappings, but in the magic of the personality.

As I was a guest at that function, so I am a guest in this universe. I go out as you do on a star-lit, glittering night. I am amazed at this mighty universe in which I am such a humble guest, and I think of One of whom

St. John said: "By him all things were made and without him was not anything made." And when Jeans and Eddington and others have spoken to me I realize what a wonderful, vast universe this is in which I am a guest. Then I say to myself: "Where is He, in whose honor this glittering universe is stretched out? I find no pomp, no ceremony." When I ask where he is, I find he is—washing his disciples' feet.

MAJESTIC HUMILITY

Bagdolio, knowing that the troops of Italy had committed all things into his hands, through fighting uncivilized people with bombs and gas, with all the devilry of modern warfare; Bagdolio, knowing that Italy had committed all things into his hands, rode in pomp into the capital and demanded the instant subjection of everyone. Jesus, knowing that the Father had committed all things into his hands, knowing that he came forth from God and went unto God, began to wash the disciples' feet.

From this majestic humility he calls you into fellowship with himself. If you say: "Well, I am sufficient for myself. I have my job, I am concerned with my little home, I pay my bills, I live respectably, I am kind to others when the opportunity arises, and what do I want with religion?"—if you say that, he will not break down your door, he will just wait and tap; and then if you say you are self-sufficient he will come back again—perhaps when you are ill, or lonely. Then without any reprisal he will offer you his friendship again. If you say: "I am young and strong and free and have no use for religion with its bewildering cries and elaborate rituals and whining prayers," he will not summon his angels to break down your indifference. He will wait. One day, you see, you won't be very young, you won't be very strong, and perhaps even now you are not quite as free as you think you are. And he will come back and offer you his love. And if you say: "I don't want love; I have found human love, and it is quite enough for me," he will not even remind you that her love for you is his own in disguise; and if you lose her he will come and try to take her place; he will put a cool hand on your hot, feverish, rebellious heart until the pain is gone.

WHEN I AM TEMPTED

But when I am tempted to listen to hot, egotistic voices within my own heart, when it seems that love can never win but always loses, when it seems as though humility is ruthlessly trodden down by those who pass over it on their way to their own selfish ambitions, when it seems as though God cannot possibly triumph, when pity and love and mercy and kindness and tenderness are weaknesses, when it seems as though greatness is only possessed by those who know how to grab, and power to snatch at it, no matter what the cost to others—ah, yes, when voices sound in my own heart which say you must play for your own hand, you must think of number one, you must not let yourself be trodden down—when I am thus tempted, my God! may I hear in imagination the tinkling of water, poured into a basin, and see, as in a vision, the Son of God washing the disciples' feet.

Let Us Give Thanks!

By Hugh S. Tigner

It is good to give thanks to the Lord,
And to sing praises to thy name, O Most High;
To proclaim thy grace in the morning,
And thy faithfulness every night;
For thou hast made me glad by thy works;
Of the deeds of thy hands I joyfully sing.
How great are thy doings, O Lord;
How very deep thy designs!

Psalm 92: 1 f.

THERE are a number of people who get spiritually fidgety on New Year's Day and hastily grab hold of some good resolution. We all know what this sort of piety amounts to. By the middle of January several special or peculiar situations have arisen to excuse a breach of the new rule, and by the end of the month it has been altogether forgotten, having made its contribution to the fabled "road to Hell." Should some disquieting Socrates ask these people why they go through this formality, I suppose he would find the reason to lie in a dim feeling that this is the proper thing to do, and in a hazy notion that there is something strangely beneficial about a good intention expressed on the first day of the year.

The same people probably begin digging around in their experiences about this time of year in the effort to turn up something to be thankful for; and I presume they feel that the combination of national custom, presidential proclamation and God requires it. I would like to save these people their trouble, and possibly some disappointment. They will strain themselves unnecessarily and, I am afraid, fruitlessly.

The experience of thanksgiving is not and cannot be a planned affair. One cannot look at the calendar and say to his heart: "Behold, this is the season for gratitude; go to now, and inflate thyself appropriately." Neither can he enter the experience from a sense of propriety or from a sense of duty. Nor can he achieve it through calculating his gains and losses. He who argues to himself, "Well, I think I can be thankful this season because the depression seems to be lifting," is on the wrong track. I doubt if any man ever figured himself into a genuine experience of gratitude. Certainly he never speculated himself into it.

THANKSGIVING OUT OF SORROW

What would have happened if the Pilgrim fathers had approached Thanksgiving by computing the amount of their income tax? I fancy that Plymouth would have had a wailing wall instead of a Thanksgiving festival, for a little figuring would have shown that society to have been sadly in the red. Half the colony had died during the preceding year, and the harvest was anything but abundant. At best it looked as if, by the grace of God, they might be able to pull through another year. Prosperity was neither a present fact, a golden memory, nor a rosy legend of the next corner. And yet they rose to the response of thankfulness.

The greatest collection of thanksgiving literature, the Hebrew book of Psalms, was produced by a people

who had scanty objective reasons for gratitude. The land they inhabited was poorly endowed in comparison with the fertile soil of the Nile and Euphrates valleys. Moreover its rocky hills and arid plateaus were seldom completely, and never for long, in the sole possession of the Israelites. Their history was one of homelessness. Much of the time they were wanderers, and when they attempted to establish permanent settlement they were defeated in wars with neighboring states, and finally dispersed. Yet above the lament by the waters of Babylon rose paeans of praise to a God whom they continued to trust and thank for his goodness to man! Such considerations make me very skeptical about drawing up a balance sheet for Thanksgiving and about deliberately hunting around for a reason to be grateful.

Thanksgiving is a response of joy and appreciation that we make spontaneously to experiences of beauty, goodness or truth. It belongs to the instinctive part of our nature rather than to the rational part.

> thou hast made me *glad* by thy works;
> Of the deeds of thy hands I *joyfully* sing.
> How *great* are thy doings, O Lord;
> How *very deep* thy designs!

That is a spontaneous, instinctive response. Why does one make it? Because one does. Because delight, generosity, friendliness, imagination, playfulness are a part of our nature. The psalmist said, "It is *good* to give thanks." He said it as a child would say, "It is good to play"; or as the poet would say, "It is good to witness beauty."

All normal persons are born with the capacity to make this response. As Robert Louis Stevenson intimated, the world is so full of a host of delightful things to children that a good share of their experience is comprised of the happiness of kings. Poets, naturalists, the good and generous people whom the world has known, are persons who have specialized in making this response.

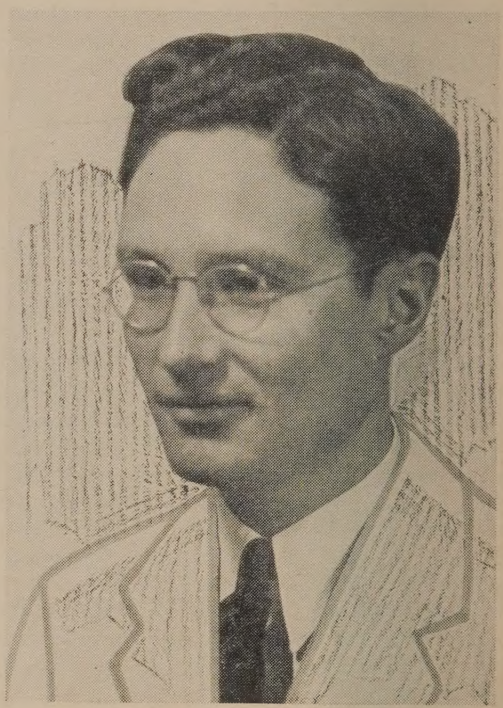
ANIMALS AND MEN

Animals are capable of making it too. Says a naturalist: "I have watched fat little beavers sitting up like queer diminutive Buddhas on a river bank, solemnly wagging their heads at the rising sun, while the mother lay by and crooned at them, plucking them toward her at intervals and rolling on her back from time to time, murmuring with contentment, happy with her young and the sheer joy of living."

Walt Whitman, who felt as keenly as anyone the joy of living on this "rich apple-blossom'd earth" and beneath "the splendid silent sun," observed this capacity in animals and praised it at the expense of man:

> I think I could turn and live with animals, they're so placid and self-contained,
> I stand and look at them long and long.
> They do not sweat and whine about their condition. . . .
> Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things. . . .
> Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

Of course Whitman must be allowed the right to indulge in poetic extravagance. He states only a partial truth, but one that is worth stating. Man does sometimes make a poor showing in comparison with animals. He can cook up and organize iniquities that would shame a chimpanzee. The whole truth, however, is that man's greater capacity, by which he can achieve heights and complexities and meanings beyond any other creature, makes it also possible for him to stoop to depths to which an ant or an elephant never sinks. If the animals show more contentment and seem to make a more grateful response to the bounties they receive than many people, that is partly because they are placid. On the other hand, no animal can touch such an experience of gratefulness as this: "Whenever I read a beautiful book, or see lovely pictures, then it comes to me that I want to



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raise my hand to my forehead and salute, as the soldiers do when their officers go past. I want to say, 'To all the great dead, to all the men and women who have been before me whose names will never be known, without whom I could never know what I know, or understand as I understand, or think as I think—Be thanks!' I want to say, 'To all gardeners that have been before me—to the little old first mother who scratched earth and put in roots and grasses—to men and women of races whose names I shall never know, without whom I should never have this beauty—Thanks!'"

But if animals are not capable of rising to such heights, neither do they stand in the same danger of losing the appreciative response of joy as man stands. Fling a handful of corn to a hen, and you are sure to get a delighted clucking; you never get a response so sullen and miserly as that of the third servant in the parable of the pounds. Only in man can the soul shrink and shrivel and dry-rot and the appreciative response become so smothered as in the case of that fellow who received the smallest allotment.

Man can lose his God-given capacity for delight in

the beauty of the morning and in the hospitality of the earth much easier than a beaver. He can become so pinched up with his troubles and so absorbed in what he has not that all his murmurings become those of discontent. He can become so bowed down with a sense of injustice and so embittered by jealousy that a whine runs through all his speech. His eyes and ears and energies can become so concentrated upon practical ends that he plods through wonderland without noticing: with every bush and shrub aflame with God, he stands about picking blackberries. He can become so puffed up about the hard and deserving work he has done, about how he has earned his way and paid fully for all he has received, about being a self-made man, that all sense of generous gratitude for what he has not earned or paid for or made for himself dries up.

WHERE MEN FALL SHORT

I recall an incident relative to this point described in the biography of Mark Hopkins, president of Williams College a hundred years ago. Certain of the college buildings had been defaced in a scurrilous manner, and when the offender was caught and brought before Hopkins he turned out to be a young man of wealth from a family of power and standing. Summoned before the president, the fellow jauntily pulled out his pocketbook and said, "Well, doctor, how much is the damage?" "Young man," Hopkins said, "put up your pocket-book. Tomorrow at prayers you will make public acknowledgment of your offense or you will be expelled." Speaking of the matter later, Hopkins said: "Rich young men come here and take that tone as if they could pay for what they get here. No student can pay for what he gets in Williams College. Can any student pay for the sacrifice of Colonel Williams and our other benefactors? For the heroic sacrifice of half-paid professors who have given their lives that young men might have at the smallest cost a liberal education? Every man here is a charity student."

Divorcing that speech from any particular incident, how neatly it applies to everyone! We are all wards of charity—the charity of creation; the charity of the past; the charity of our friends; the charity of the country, the civilization we have inherited. Not a single one of our accomplishments would be possible without the accomplishments of those who have gone before us and who cooperate with us. We cannot utter a word without leaning upon the first unknown tribe that discovered speech. We say that we *pay* for a radio: in a narrow sense that is true; in a larger sense it is folly. Who can pay for all the thousands of years of discovery it took to make the radio possible? Not even our hard-earned success is actually earned. A great deal more of it is due to bull-head luck and the efforts of friends than any of us like to admit.

WE ARE ALL DEBTORS

When I was a lad first venturing timidly out into the strange, wide world I was very naive about the unearned kindnesses I received. Being deeply touched by what relative strangers were willing to do for me, I actually noted the names and addresses of these people, sincerely intending to pay them back some day. Maybe I have become hardened, but I threw that intention to the winds a good many years ago, for the task soon became insuperable. In my few years I have already received so many undeserved good turns, favors, encouragements, helps, gifts, kindnesses from living people, that if I had the time of Methuselah and the wealth of John D. Rockefeller and the energy of Napoleon and the wisdom of Solomon I couldn't pay them back. And I do not believe my case is unusual, for I sometimes consider myself an unlucky person.

> It is good to give thanks to the Lord,
> And to sing praises to thy name, O Most High;
> To proclaim thy grace in the morning,
> And thy faithfulness every night;
> For thou hast made me glad by thy works;
> Of the deeds of thy hands I joyfully sing.
> How great are thy doings, O Lord;
> How very deep thy designs!

Talismans and Turning Points

By Harold C. Case

Do not conform to the present age, but be transformed by the entire renewal of your minds so that you may learn by experience what God's will is, namely—all that is good and acceptable to him and perfect. Romans 12:2.

WE ARE living in the midst of humanity's great crisis. Some are glad and applaud, some are sad and oppose, but all admit this fact to be true. We have the opportunity now, as other generations have had the chance in their time of crisis, to replace false gods with the true God.

It is much easier to rejoice because of the progress achieved in another age than it is to assist in the solution of the real problems of this hour. Today many people who pray with fervent thankfulness because of the gains achieved by other centuries prate with feverish fearfulness on account of the major changes now occurring. They erect monuments to the loving memory of revolutionary forebears and scaffolds to the loathsome thought of revolutionary contemporaries. They commend Moses and condemn Kagawa. They approve Lincoln and abhor Gandhi. They applaud John Wesley and oppose John Haynes Holmes.

In every period of history there are great personalities whose genius and insight win larger freedom for mankind. They are the talismans of progress and are essential to every turning point in the life of humanity.

MEN WHO MOLDED HISTORY

Consider a few of these peak personalities of history.

Moses, feeling the pain of his people—suffering, thinking, praying, hoping in the silence for guidance and for deliverance—until a burning bush became his flaming token of the true God. Then, because his vision of Jehovah carried a command, he whose silence had been purposeful, spoke. "Let my people go," he said. Again

and again he thundered the demand. Alone, in the presence of a monarch, he stated his imperious message. Armed only with his conviction of God, he faced a military power. Finally he led his people—crude, dull slaves, divided by prejudices and duped by autocracy—out of bondage. He was their leader in all the hardships of the desert. He heard their complaints, he listened to their compliments. He met their needs. Sometimes he had their allegiance. Again he stood alone. Always he was their supreme moral genius.

A MOMENTOUS DISCOVERY

He knew the necessity of welding these divided tribes into a united nation. To accomplish this feat—he needed a moral code, a legal constitution. From the top of Mount Sinai he returned to his people with the needed code. These ten commandments, embodying legal and ethical standards, had long been shaping themselves in his God-fearing mind. When he presented this decalogue to the Israelites, he revealed a momentous discovery—a God of order and of law. This true Jehovah he brought to replace a god of credulity and reprisal. Even his friends demurred, and his enemies denounced him as a traitor. Yet Israel owes its greatness, and Christianity its genius, to this idea of a purposeful, powerful, trustworthy God.

Consider Jesus, who lived in a world intensely concerned for two major enterprises—religious observances and military exploitation. He regarded each as unworthy. To the first he answered: "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath" and "ye shall know the truth, and the truth will make you free." To the second, he said: "Put up the sword again in its place. For he that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword." External rules enslave, inner convictions liberate. The force of armies must yield to the power of love. The individual person is God's son and of greatest importance. These ideas were revolutionary. They threatened the old order.

Selfish guardians of religious institutions considered ways to get rid of this prophetic, but dangerous young rabbi. Scheming autocrats, concerned for the power of Rome more than for the pursuit of truth, wished to be rid of this leader who stirred up rebellion from Nazareth to Jerusalem. The two groups, desiring to avoid all change, formed a coalition, crucified Jesus, and were convinced that they had relieved the world of his radicalism. Not so. For he was releasing a power, basic in the universe. He was revealing the true God, to replace their partial gods. Twenty centuries of history attest the worth of his effort and the transforming results of his enterprise. He symbolized the spirit needed for a critical turning point in history.

PEAK PERSONALITIES OF THE RENAISSANCE

The Renaissance came to Europe when the age was paradoxical. It was sentimental and sensuous, exotic and egotistical, creative and crude. A dozen persons furnished the ideas and the motives for a new religious and cultural awakening.

In his book, "When Half Gods Go," Dr. Frank Kingdon says: "Copernicus and Galileo rearranged the heavens, Columbus and Magellan made the earth over. Leonardo and Michelangelo gave genius a new definition, Raphael and Durer opened new windows for the eyes of art. Gutenberg gave wings to words, Erasmus and Bacon stormed old citadels of philosophy. Spencer and Shakespeare decorated thought with the witchery of golden words. All the highways were open, from city to city, from mind to mind, from continent to continent, from star to star. Everybody had someone new going by his window. The half gods of the Middle Ages were not able to keep pace with the swift feet of newly emancipated men. Suddenly the old church door was pierced by the nails of a man putting up a paper asking questions." The world was shrinking, ideas were expanding. Religious leaders were furious, laymen were antagonistic, hatred flamed, swords flashed, martyrs died. It was a terrifying hour. But a new world was being born. Inadequate creeds were being replaced by adequate ones. Obsolete ideas in religion were giving way to true conceptions. The struggle was fierce but the new vitality of religious freedom brought life to people who had lived in the fetid atmosphere of religious autocracy. We owe our religious liberty to those struggles and achievements.

Every important turning point in history marks the clash of the prophetic with the priestly, the timid with the brave, the lover of the past with the leader of the future, and ever the new truths illustrated by these dynamic personalities emerge to bring release.

RELIGION AND THIS HOUR

We are in the midst of one of the most rapidly changing periods in all history. Forces long operative have united and we are being led, pushed or propelled into a new situation. A world war, power production, the scientific method are forces rendering impossible old forms and norms. Once more the prophets of despair tell us that there is no faith in the land, and that we are headed for perdition. Again the prophets of hope inform us that we may go forward into the greatest day for the human family, if we but use intelligently the tools at hand.

But at this point we come upon the question of method. If this is one of the great turning points of human history, and if progress is not automatic, as Herbert Spencer thought it to be, then how shall we improve society in this hour? How can the resources of a high religion be made available to meet our needs? One group counsels us to save individuals, saying that only thus can we save society. Another group urges us to reform society, and then individuals will be automatically redeemed. Both are mistaken.

It is not possible to work with individuals very long, or to be concerned for their personal faith in God, without coming upon some cruel situation in which forces beyond the control of the individual crush the life out of him, and destroy his faith in God. Whenever we begin to serve persons one by one, we come upon unemployment and undernourishment, bad housing and disease, exploitation and injustice. Social situations do grand or gruesome things to persons. One cannot solve the problem of war by dealing with a few individuals. Unemployment, which is a powerful corrosive eating away the confidence and undermining the self-respect

of millions, cannot be solved by a job for a dozen persons or a dole for a million, important as these measures may be. A Christlike society is the sole cure for the ills which impoverish men and women.

INDIVIDUALS OR SOCIETY?

To be sure, it is the business of the church to work for the transformation of individual human lives, and any church which does not do this is not doing its duty. Only when persons, one by one, are exposed to the force of love and come to understand Jesus, the Great Personality of all times, is religion serving effectively. Whenever transforming good will becomes the rule of life, prejudices disappear, evil practices end, fear is replaced by faith, poise appears instead of nervousness, there religion is justifying its existence and providing a demonstration of its power.

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To be sure, religion is personal. When a man looks into the night sky and feels awe before the shining worlds in space, religion says: "When I consider the sun, moon and stars, the work of thy fingers, what is man that thou art mindful of him?" And religion answers: "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels." When a man receives the terrible news that his beloved is afflicted with an incurable disease, he needs religion to say to him: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." He needs the comfort of a religion which can say: "Let not your heart be troubled, believe in God, believe also in me. In my father's house are many habitations." When a man faces an intolerable load of disappointment in the loss of a job, and the possible loss of confidence in self, religion says: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." When a youth faces the temptations of the night, he is in desperate need of a religion which can say: "Be ye not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed in it, that you may prove what is the good and the perfect and acceptable will of God."

When beauty showers one with loveliness and there is only a breathless hush and a devout silence, then one needs religion to say, "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof."

Religion adds: "And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three, and the greatest of these is love."

Certainly religion is personal. It is as personal as the delight one knows in a beautiful symphony, or the joy in cultivating a rose. It is as intimate as the thrill of being loved, and as individual as a poem one has written, a truth one has discovered or a test one has passed.

INDIVIDUALS WHO CHANGED THE WORLD

Moreover, individuals with a vital religion transform their world. They are the talismans bearing the power and disclosing the solutions to social problems. Consider how some persons inspired by a high religion have helped their fellow men. Hospitals were horrible places of filth and infection until Florence Nightingale appeared. Prisons were inquisition chambers filled with horrors too vile to describe until John Howard, fired with a holy faith, began to change them. The feeble-minded and insane were treated brutally until William Tuke, whose Quaker faith had awakened in him humanitarian interests, pioneered the way toward decent treatment for the mentally sick. The woes of the people of East London were unspeakable until General William Booth, inspired by a personal religious ardor, made his classic study, "The Life and Labors of London."

Sanitary hospitals, prisons to reform, psychopathic homes and modern social work are the results of their efforts. All social improvement begins with the awareness of need on the part of some person. High religion, instead of acting as an escape, and performing the function of an opiate, is the stimulus to men and women to move boldly into the heart of the social situation which cries for a remedy, and change it into the likeness of the ideal.

Only if an individual is sustained by the conviction that the universe is concerned for his welfare, can he find the motive for heroic endeavor. If this is a meaningless world, an accident of the dust, a result of cosmic chance, then any high spirited effort to make a better world is hopeless, and hapless. One's efforts are doomed and one's energies are deadened.

But suppose a man is convinced that this is a universe friendly to man, organized for his welfare, amenable to his efforts, responsive to him; then he can stand above the world and lift the world to new heights of worth and love.

RELIGION WITH DUAL EMPHASIS NEEDED

Only this deep and vital religion can possibly save society. Nothing less than individuals ready for the tasks of the day—because devoted to the truths of Christ—can possibly solve our problems. Religion is deeply and enduringly personal.

But is religion only personal? Has it to do only with

the individual and with his problems? Consider what happens to society if religion is limited to personal prayers and private devotions, to individual Bible reading and pious thinking. What if the social group is deprived of the insights of religion and the inspiration of faith in God? When this happens, society is ravaged by wars fomented by uninspired industrialists. Society is infested by greed, and infected with exploitation. Society becomes the victim of its own cleverness. Having devised ways to produce goods which will yield wealth, it faces the sorry spectacle of undistributed goods which create unemployment and complicate industry and threaten society. Its amusements become low, its entertainment vulgar. Without the inspiration of high religion, civilization becomes shallow. It worships wealth, wants power, willingly exploits masses for money, enjoys superficiality and becomes ignorant of culture.

If we are to save the individual and society we shall need a religion with this dual emphasis. We shall need to insist steadfastly upon the worth of the individual and to seek consistently to meet his needs and develop his powers. We shall need to emphasize equally the importance of society and to work for the welfare of the group. We must make clear that religion is the source of personal power and the solution for social problems.

This is the Christianity adequate for this momentous hour. It can save us from the tragedy of selfish individualism and the travesty of a selfish state.

The New Day in a Changing World

By James I. Vance

Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new. 2 Corinthians 5:17.

THIS was Christ's promise to a world worn to a frazzle by the follies and sins and selfishness of men. He did not promise that things should always stay as they used to be. He did say that old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new. He promised a new day in a changing world.

It is a changing world. There can be no doubt about that. Whether we like it or not, things are not what they used to be. I wonder if they ever will be again.

People are changing. I doubt if they are getting any better. I hope they are not getting worse. But they are changing, in their views, in their ideas, in their habits, in their standards, in their philosophy of life.

Governments are changing. We are ready to try anything. Nothing offered seems to satisfy. Some nations change their governments overnight. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. That kind of a head may get chopped off almost any time nowadays.

What we call our securities are changing. Nothing seems very secure any more. Where will you find an investment that satisfies, even if you have anything to invest?

Vocations are changing. Agrarianism is yielding to technocracy. The machine is crowding out the man. Multitudes of men are hunting for a job. Jobs are scarcer than men.

Our methods of communication and transportation are changing. We fly. We hang a microphone on a street corner, and the crowd has to listen, whether it likes it or not. We change our styles. We change our clothes. We change our doctors. We change our religion. We change our politics. We change countries. We change husbands and wives. What is it we are not changing? What a world!

Some of us do not like it. Change is costly. It is often dangerous. People are likely to get hurt when changes come. Some may be killed. Reformations precipitate crises. A reformation may develop into a revolution. Revolution may change into rebellion. Rebellion may flatten out into chaos. Woe unto the reformer who is not himself a creature of the reformation. People prefer to play safe.

> Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
> Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

That is the creed of compromise, of opportunism, of those who prefer to play safe. The radical is dangerous. The iconoclast is a menace.

We wish the world would stay put. We would like for things to quiet down. We hate change. We hitch change and decay together. "Change and decay in all around I see." That is the way we chant our dirge.

We are afraid change may hurt us, may injure our interests, may damage our prospects, may bring down upon us disaster.

Nevertheless, if things are ever any better, there is much that must change. Man cannot be very proud of the world as it is. A world in which the people of one country starve while the people of another country are burning their bread supplies is a world out of joint. A world in which liquor is released to do its destructive and damning work is not a world to be proud of. A world in which people have not enough brains to keep out of war is not a world to brag about. And so one might go on. Thank God for some changes! Who is responsible for the world as it is? They say God made the world. Is this the best God can do? If so, we would better change God. Some say man is responsible for the world as it is. If this is the best man can do, give him a cup of hemlock and ring down the curtain.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

Who is responsible for the mess we are in? It is quite the fashion to blame the church. Current magazines overflow with cheap criticisms of the church. I read an article entitled: "God Have Mercy on the Church!" Whenever a millionaire bank breaker robs his depositors, whenever some scoundrel double-crosses his partners, whenever some hoary old rascal deserts his wife or plays fast and loose with his trust, somebody lays it at the door of the church.

I have no notion of trying to claim that the church is perfect. It is far from it. Yet let us not forget the values it has translated into society, the people to whom it has given comfort and hope and faith in the hour of

trial, the battle it has made for human freedom, the work it has done for the poor, the way it has championed the cause of weakness, the heroism with which it has ever been ready to shoulder the cross and lay down its life for the brethren.

With all its faults, the world has nothing better than the Christian church.

I was talking with an Episcopal clergyman who attended the last general convention of his denomination. He said soon, as usual, in these gatherings, the two sides lined up against each other, one side defending the church, and the other blaming it for its shortcomings. Finally, at the height of the argument, a young man

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made his way to the platform, and in a voice that rang through the auditorium, he said: "I am tired of hearing people abuse my church. My church has been the best friend I have ever had. It came to me when I was a little boy and taught me. It has trained and comforted me through the years. When I have been in need, it has befriended me. My church has given me my best friends in life, and I am tired of hearing it slandered."

When we get tired of blaming the church, we blame the politicians. We blame them for graft and corruption, for the amazing discoveries that have been made of fraud in high places. When there is nothing more to say against the politicians, we lambaste the bankers. And when the bankers are worn out, we blame the war. We say that the plight the world is in today is the aftermath of the World War. War is a good alibi for any sort of trouble. It reminds me of one of the old theologians in the seminary I attended. Whenever anyone brought up any sort of crookedness in world affairs, either human or divine, his invariable explanation was original sin. That met the case. And so with the war. And when the war fails us, we fall back on prohibition and the American Federation of Labor.

But whatever is to blame, there can be no doubt about the need for a change. And whether we like it or not, the world is changing. What will it be tomorrow? Should we fear it or hope it? What sort of a world are we handing down to our children? What will they have to face? What sort of a world will they have in which to live? Must they be penalized for the stupidity of their forebears?

WHAT THE NEW DAY WILL BRING

What will the new day bring us? It has brought communism to Russia, Hitlerism to Germany, Fascism to Italy, revolution to South Africa and Spain. What will it bring to America? The world seems drifting to the dictator type of government. Is such a government to take root here in America? I doubt it. America has tasted of freedom. The nations that have adopted dictator governments have never known what real freedom is. The Soviet has the background of the czar, Germany the background of the emperor, Italy of a monarchy. The two governments that have tasted of real freedom are Great Britain and America. They have secured freedom at a fearful cost. Their people are too wise, I dare to believe, ever to turn back to the tyranny of a government that is despotic. Therefore, my faith is that the new day will not see the end of human freedom.

It will likely be a world in which there is less repose. We long for the old quiet days when every man was a king in his back yard. Such days are gone forever. Some of our young people, and some of our adults, too, were charmed with Louis Bromfield's book, "The Farm." It is the story of agrarian life in the Midwest in the period prior to the World War. As one reads "The Farm," he sighs for the days that are gone. The author pays his respects to the Sherman brothers, and his respects are not very respectful. He describes briefly the dirty trail these two men left behind them as they moved across our country, the trail of General William Tecumseh made by the ashes of the homes he burned as his army marched across Georgia to the sea, and the trail of Senator John marked by the corrupt laws he helped place on the statute books of our country and on which privilege has fattened for half a century. But the people of Ohio were not all Shermans, and "The Farm" is principally the story of a noble family that moved from Maryland and of the homes they built and the lives they lived in the glowing West. If we could have more people to build such homes and live such lives, the future of America would be safe and happy.

THE PASSING OF THE RICH

The new day will likely see fewer rich men. The colored chauffeur of a friend of mine in Virginia was driving a guest to the station. The visitor, a man of distinction, had just delivered an address at the state university. In his conversation with the colored man, he said: "I suppose you have worked for a good many rich men in your life. You will never work for another." He is probably right in the sense that the new day will not witness colossal fortunes like those of Carnegie and

Rockefeller and Ford and Mellon and the Vanderbilts and Goulds. But shall we consider this a misfortune? Shall we think the wider distribution of money is something to be deplored? It will prove a blessing, provided two things accompany it, provided the money is earned, and provided it is earned honestly.

The people who get money without earning it are worth nothing to a country. People rot under a dole. "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat." People who get money by crooked methods are a curse. Hence, if the wider distribution of money in the new day is to prove a blessing, it must be earned, and earned honestly.

NEW LEISURE AHEAD

The new day promises more leisure to men, shorter working hours, and fewer working days. This may prove a blessing or a curse. It all depends on what is done with the leisure. Idleness is the devil's workshop. Yet God has stamped his approval on leisure. He did this when he gave us the Sabbath. But the Sabbath was one day out of seven—not two and a half—and it was for worship, and not merely for play. Perhaps man can stand larger leisure provided he behaves himself, and cultivates his higher nature, and uses his leisure in a cultural life. But just to have nothing to do can never be a blessing.

What is to happen to the great multitudes of people who are now being employed by the government, and for whom billions have been appropriated, when the government ceases to pour out its billions and jobs artificially created are no more to be had, and these multitudes are liquidated back into a self-supporting life? What sort of citizens can we expect them to become? Is the government preparing them for useful citizenship, or will they become a dangerous element of unrest and antagonism in our national life? There are those who speak contemptuously of the rugged individualism of the pioneers; but if one must choose between the rugged individualism of the pioneers and the ragged individualism of planned economy, he need not hesitate in making his choice.

COOPERATION IS COMING

The new day will bring us more cooperation, more sharing, and this will be all to the good. There will be more sharing in industry. Labor will share with capital and capital with labor in the profits of industry. If only greed can be taken out of the human heart, this should end the infamy of strikes and the no less infamy of lockouts.

There will be greater cooperation in religion. Let us not lament the passing of sectarian bitterness. Let us not mourn the death of bigots. I am not pleading for a spineless creed. I am not asking that people surrender their honest religious convictions. To do so would be disastrous. No better day can ever come through a generation that has scrapped its holiest convictions. Religious beliefs steady us in times of storm. They are not to be lightly set aside. Hitler has discovered they cannot be trifled with. He is finding there are people in Germany ready to give up their living, ready to give up their lives, rather than surrender their faith in the living God. There are multitudes of such people in America. But this is no reason for religious hate. God is for all, and the foremost grace of Christianity is love. All hail to the new day of brotherhood!

There will be more cooperation among the nations. There will be something woefully lacking in the new day if it does not teach us to beat our swords into plowshares and learn war no more. The revival of nationalism is nothing to gloat over. This planet is too small for nations who cannot live together in peace. One could wish that Woodrow Wilson's dream for a friendly world had come true. The selfishness of nationalism is bad statesmanship. One of the swiftest and surest results of national selfishness is the collapse of international trade. The folly of national self-containment is sure to be followed by the tragedy of depression and the closing of world markets. We must teach our children the statesmanship of the Golden Rule. They must learn how to settle their national differences without murder. They must become concerned for human welfare to the ends of the earth. "Old things are passed away; behold, all things shall become new." "And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." If we are to have revolution, let it be bloodless.

AMERICA'S HOPE FOR THE FUTURE

These are some of the things the new day seems to be offering in a changing world. Some things are gone, and gone forever. Some things are coming, and coming fast. There are two reflections that save me from pessimism as I think of the future.

The first is the character of the American people, the stable, solid, patriotic qualities of the average American citizen. For the most part, our people love the flag and respect the laws and the courts. They believe in constitutional government. They are not communists and anarchists. They can pass through great crises without revolution. The strength of America is the average American.

The second thing is my faith that God rules. God is not dead, nor has he grown infirm. He is watching over our country. He is with us, and mightier than all who are against us. It breeds confidence to trust in him. It helps to repeat the old Psalm we learned first at our mother's knee: "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." It helps to recall the promise of him who said to the founders of his kingdom: "Lo, I am with you alway."

And so for the new day in a changing world let us fly the flag and keep the faith, doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with our God.

Why Be Afraid?

O frail child of the dust, yet mighty son of eternity, why be afraid? You are life itself; august, unfathomable, supreme, tremendous! Death is your humble servant, not master. Since you are life how can you die? And since death is your servant why fear your helper? Lift up your head; fling wide your hopes; dare greatly; grasp heroically the reins of destiny, and with one mighty leap of the heart cry in exaltation that all the world may hear—I am not afraid! Argow.

Demobilizing the Mind

By Samuel S. Mayerberg

ISRAEL'S mission is peace. The highest hope of Judaism is found in the ageless yearning for the utmost development of human ideals which would bring to fruition the prophetic dream of a just, loving, warless world. The reiteration of Israel's conviction that humankind is capable of such development and that a warless world is possible through the practice of religious idealism, has never been more important than now. For, without doubt, the greatest problem facing humanity today is the imminence of war and its resultant catastrophe. The reason for this world-wide condition rests largely on the fact that the nations depended upon the legalistic agencies they had created to bring amity to the world, while they were pursuing the same old, fallacious philosophies of materialism, political intrigues, diplomatic euphemisms and greedy national aims. They failed to understand that there were essential spiritual and idealistic prerequisites to these mechanical means without which all of them must prove utterly ineffective.

The history of the last two decades has proved conclusively that neither a League of Nations, nor Disarmament Conferences, nor World Courts can in themselves bring peace permanently to the earth. At best, they can only be agencies for maintaining an armistice of questionable duration with the ever-present danger of war.

MAN NOT A FIGHTING ANIMAL

Before peace can come immutably to the earth, humanity must make the religious ideals of justice, love and brotherhood the dynamics of international relationships as well as the motivating virtues of individual living. We must realize now that there can be no peace in a war-thinking world. Peace cannot come as long as nations subscribe to Mussolini's dictum, expressed in an article he wrote for children, "Love the rifle, worship the machine gun, and do not forget the dagger"; or as long as Hitler's words, "Workers for peace are enemies of the State; expanding nations must be ready to fight for their resources," are effective in building the psychology of a people.

There can be no peace in the world as long as men insist that man is a fighting animal. We know that man is not naturally a fighting animal; that there is no inherited instinct within him which makes him spring at his brother to destroy him. The newer psychology teaches us that man's attitudes and actions are the result of all the social forces and stimuli that play upon him.

Men have constantly fought because they have been conditioned to fight by a false philosophy that justified and glorified war. As men in past ages and in modern times have been conditioned for war, so modern psychology teaches us, they can be conditioned for peace. When they have been trained for peace, when they have been conditioned to hate war with its stupidity and futility, when they have fostered within themselves the universal will to peace, tranquillity will be unshakably established upon the earth. In this we find a mighty hope.

However, in order to attain this new era in human life, the peoples of the earth must change some of their educational methods, for in the last analysis this hope rests for its realization upon a long-time and sincere educational program. This change in education is especially needed in the realm of history. For when we examine the national annals we discover that page after page is devoted to warriors and their victorious military campaigns, while meager notations are made concerning the record of those five thousand men and women who, since

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the dawn of history, have given unique contributions to humanity, who have made discoveries, devised inventions and promoted the higher thought of the human family. Furthermore, we find that all the national histories have been written from a chauvinistic point of view. They are national propagandas that glorify even the mistakes of a people. All too frequently in their self-praise, the national historians, through intolerance and misunderstanding of other nations, have created bigotry, antipathies and suspicions which have led ultimately to bitter enmity. No history that gives an objective point of view on all the nations has ever been written. Such a history is sadly needed, that humanity may know the unbiased and true account of national and international relationships without national boastings and delusions.

EDUCATION A KEY TO BROTHERHOOD

The best place to begin this honest examination of history is at home. In our own country we should begin to teach our children that America is the greatest nation on earth not because of her extensive territory and her limitless resources, not because God touched her with

beauty and wealth, not because of her huge population and her prestige among the nations, but because America is founded upon the everlasting ideals of religious principles, because she is the cradle of liberty, the stronghold of democracy, the bulwark of higher civilization. While this is being taught, however, our children should be made to understand that not even America has a monopoly on virtue or truth, but that other nations also have contributed immeasurably to the common weal.

NO INFERIOR RACES

When we have thus oriented ourselves, we will discover that there are no superior and inferior races, that there are only superior and inferior individuals of all races. There are only older and younger races—the older races that have for a longer time freed themselves from the bondage of tyranny, superstition and ignorance, and the younger races, that have for a shorter time been redeemed from the shackles of bondage. I like to think that the races and nations are similar to the letters of our alphabet and the notes of the musical scale. There are twenty-six letters in the English alphabet—each is different and each is essential. In misguided hands these letters may be arranged into profane words, diatribes, falsehoods and philippics, but in skilful hands, directed by human intelligence and love, they may produce a drama of Shakespeare, a poem of Browning, a Sermon on the Mount, a prophecy of Isaiah.

There are eight notes in the musical scale, and each is different and each is necessary. Arranged by untrained hands these notes may be gathered into discordant sounds, raucous noises, annoying jazz, but in the hands of a master they become the symphony of a Beethoven, the oratorio of a Bach or the lovely melodies of a Schubert. Thus it is with each race and nation. Every race is essential in the development of civilization and the progress of humanity. Each is different and significant, and I believe so completely in the glory and the power of God that I am certain that had he wanted all men to be alike, think alike, dream alike, be derived from the same racial origins and geographical locations, he had the power to make them so. Therefore, I see in the very differences of men, in their separate philosophies, in their distinguishing characteristics and individual traits, part of the divine plan, making for virility, warmth and beauty in human life. When the inhabitants of the world are taught to appreciate the wondrous gifts of all the races, they will be encompassed in a pervading good will which will lead to peace. Through this procedure, we will demobilize the minds of men and will eradicate the prejudices which have set men against one another through the ages.

UNIFYING A JIGSAW WORLD

I think of a story I heard recently concerning an English manufacturer of jigsaw puzzles, who decided to fashion a most difficult one. He procured a map of the world and cut it up on his bandsaw into its respective units. The states of America were separated, the islands of the seas were carved out, the countries of Europe were sawn through. When he had completed his puzzle, he took it home to his son and he said to his boy: "My son, I will give you two pounds if, after I have disarranged this puzzle you assemble it again correctly before dinner; but if it takes you until tomorrow, I will give you only one pound." In a brief time, the son came to his father and said: "Dad, come into the living room and see how I have put the puzzle together." The father, in amazement, saw that the boy had assembled it correctly, and in surprise he said: "Son, I thought that was a very hard puzzle. How did you solve it so quickly and so perfectly?" The son replied: "Father, before you mixed up the puzzle, I noticed on the back of it the picture of a man, and when I got the man right, I had the world right."

As soon as we who are teaching the youth of the world have made the hearts of men right, through education based upon the verities of life that the ideals of religion have given, as soon as we have demobilized the regimented hatreds of mankind, as soon as we have filled the hearts of men with love and understanding, we shall see the words of him who trod the soil of Judea brought into reality: "And men shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Then, and only then, shall there be on earth peace and good will toward men.

What is Our Religion Doing for the World?

By Aaron N. Meckel

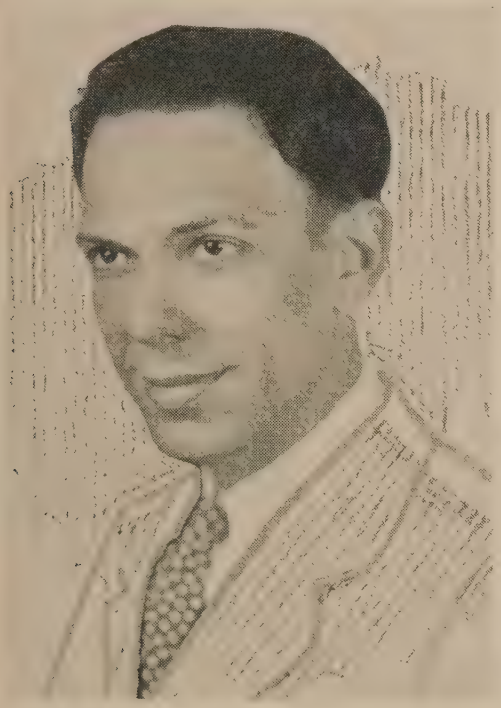
Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. Matthew 28:19.

THERE is in the town of Boston a very unusual church. Its name and description might well serve as a point of departure for our thought this morning. It is the Church of All Nations both in name and spirit. Its membership is composed of representatives of many nations—a veritable potpourri of humanity. The people of this church recognize "one Lord, one faith and one baptism for the remission of sins." Each nationality has its own pastor within the church, but over these various pastors is the minister of the Church of All Nations. Every Sunday morning Dr. William Stidger preaches to that representative congregation the message of the world's Savior. What an epic in cooperative endeavor!

It can hardly be denied that our Lord had the whole world in mind when he gave his disciples that great commission: "Go ye and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, until the end." So reads the last chapter of St. Matthew. And in the Gospel of St. Luke we have this command: "And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem, and ye are witnesses of these things." We had better not only admit the undeniability of the fact, but eagerly accept it. Well might we put to ourselves the question, "What is our religion doing for the world?"

I

Grasp first of all this outstanding fact: That the Christian gospel is a missionary gospel. It is something to be published abroad. It represents the most daring enterprise ever let loose in the world. Its initial rapture is attuned to the most daring assumption ever made: namely, that God is to all men a common Father, and that in Christ all men are brethren. Imagine! Onesimus is accepted into the assembly of the "first-born." It is trumpeted abroad that God is no respecter of persons. Is it any wonder that the good news spread and was joyfully received! Halford Luccock would remind



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us that whenever the gospel is preached as mere good advice to a select group it has deserted and belied its native genius. It is only rightly received as good news, growing through the contagion of renewed hearts, and breaking through all accustomed bounds and limitations.

What about the "religious self-sufficiency" of this present day? Are we forgetting that the Master sent his disciples into the *world?* That his great commission was unto "all nations"? At a time when so many nations are reaching out greedy economic tentacles toward foreign markets it might be well for us preachers to reassert the outreach of the Christian gospel. The good news of new life in Christ Jesus was to be proclaimed first in Jerusalem. But it was not to remain there. If it had, the chances are that we would not be worshiping in a Christian church this morning.

PAUL, GOSPEL TORCHBEARER

Standing at the vanguard of those heroic torchbearers of the first century of the Christian era is "Paul the Dauntless." We may well thank God for Paul. Those three epochal missionary journeys of his brought Christianity as a new life bringer to the continents of Asia and Europe. Buffeted, beaten, stoned, yet he held out. "But," says someone, "why didn't he remain at home? Didn't those other people have their own religions?" To which the reply may be made, "Yes, they had the cults of Cybele and Aphrodite and others. But read through the Book of Acts, and then read the experiences of a Schweitzer in Africa, an E. Stanley Jones in India, and know what pagan religions do to people. Somehow, Christ's gospel for the "remission of sins" released a new and hitherto unknown dynamic wherever it went.

To Asia and on to Europe! On goes Paul, till in the most brazen and wicked city of the first century there were saints in the very household of Caesar. Down the centuries came that gospel, till it was taken by faithful heralds of the cross to the British Isles. Then one day a "band of exiles moored their bark on a wild New England shore." Explorer and missionary, flag and cross went hand in hand in the founding of a nation. It was the missionary gospel which really "founded" this nation, setting up homes, churches and schools. There you have America in her "first, fine, careless rapture" cradled in the gospel of Jesus. Let those who would doubt read the gravestones in old Plymouth cemetery, or peruse the charter for the foundation of Harvard University, part of which reads something like this: "Founded for the propagation of the Christian religion." Verily, how the mighty have fallen!

II

Yes, the Christian gospel was intrinsically a missionary one. It was fundamentally good news to be heralded, and a new dynamic to be released in lives. And the perspective which is generated by a hasty review of the historical growth of that gospel commits us to a serious revaluation of the Christian church today as she faces her task in the world. Does this command of Jesus, "Go and teach all nations," hold good today? Or was it just an outburst of apocalyptic fervor? What about this missionary gospel and the world of the future?

(1) For one thing, let us not deceive ourselves! We shall not grow as individual churches of Christendom if we forget the church's worldwide mission. John R. Mott, world citizen, is constantly reminding us that the preacher's heart must be a spiritual anvil from which the glowing sparks of the missionary spirit are beaten out. Much of the pitiful shrinkage in missionary zeal and giving has its cause right there. The preacher's own zeal has dwindled into a spiritual "confinement case." True, we may continue to support institutions for the propagation of our religious prejudices. But the Christian church—that belongs to the world, else it ceases to be Christian. This particular church in which we are worshiping this morning belongs not only to you and to me. It belongs to all Christendom. You will be much interested in a fact brought out at a state missionary clinic (have "Haystack meetings" actually dwindled into "missionary clinics?") of the New Hampshire churches held at Concord last spring: those churches which are most

world-minded in their loyalty to the kingdom of God are the strongest financially and spiritually in their own communities. Cut off a man's view from the mountain heights yonder, and he will soon lose sight of the foothills!

NEW EMPHASIS IN MISSIONS

(2) Let us be willing to recognize the new emphasis in the missionary enterprise. Thank God, this sacred enterprise is being retrieved from sectarian labels and being renewed with the consciousness of a new catholicity! Away with needless and selfish duplication whether at home or abroad. Away with competition between denominations in the name of a common Christ. The enterprise is becoming converted. Most of us are no longer out to persuade a man to become a good Congregationalist or Methodist or Episcopalian. We are out to help him become a good Christian. The other Sunday a lady brought a visitor to her pastor with the words, "She has been a Baptist, but I'm trying to make a good Congregationalist out of her." To which her pastor, Dr. Russell Stafford of Old South church, replied: "But I'm not interested in having you try to make a 'good Congregationalist' out of her. Perhaps, though, should she come here she might help you and me to become better Christians!"

Look at the new emphasis. Our missionaries are to go abroad, not to compete with the religions of Mohammed, Confucius and Buddha. They go not to wipe these out, but to bring out all the best there is in them, and then to graft it on to the "love that Christ inspires." Well might Christ lift up his hands in blessing over this precious enterprise of his to say, "I came not to destroy, but to fulfill, to bring you life abundant." And that he has brought wherever he has gone. At the name of Jesus the caste system is under fire as never before, the poor are having the gospel preached to them, the sick are being healed. We are, by the grace of God, plumbing back into the broad, catholic fervor which dominated the London Missionary Society when it first came into being: "To send neither Episcopacy, Presbyterianism nor Independency to the heathen, but simply the gospel of Christ." "We want Jesus Christ to take out his naturalization papers in Japan," writes a foreign leader.

CHRIST OR CHAOS!

(3) We would not engage in a local provincialism. We would not engage in sectarian propaganda. So far, so good. Finally, let us reassert Christianity not only as embracing a "world view" but as holding out the world's salvation. The very security of the world hangs at stake. Deny the vision of Jesus to the world through spiritual inertia, we may. But one fact we cannot deny—that as far as the tremendous problems facing the world are concerned, it is either Christ or chaos! The emerging conflict of the races—that is a world problem. The growing octopus of war, engendered by a greedy and archaic system of capitalism—that is a world problem. The problem of hunger and starvation and unemployment we face in these desperate cities of ours—that too is nothing less than a world problem.

From 1914 to 1918 this country lent Europe ten million dollars to fight a war which failed to end war or save the world for democracy. It was a calamity in terms of life and money far excelling the misguided energy of the ancient Crusades. Suppose now that we as followers of the Christ invest our money, our lives and our prayers in the only commodity which can make the world safe for our children's future. A shrinking and a desperate world is in need of an expanding gospel. And we do not dare bring anything less than kindled hearts and enlarged vision to that need.

I know of lands that are sunk in shame,
Of hearts that faint and tire;
But I know of a Name, a Name, a Name
That can set those lands on fire.
Its sound is a brand, its letters flame,
I know a Name, a Name, a Name
That will set those lands on fire!

The Practical Price of Peace

By George Lansbury

I ONCE discussed my faith as a Christian with Lenin and Trotsky. Both repudiated my reliance on Christian ethics, and Lenin said: "Go back home and convert the Christians; get a world of justice by Christian teaching. No one wants bloodshed, but Christians slaughter each other as readily as others for material gain." Trotsky thinks me, as do some learned divines, slightly hysterical and foolish. My answer still is that it is the will of God that not one of his little ones shall suffer evil. It is our self-satisfied indifference, our faithlessness and arrogance, which makes wars possible. I do not deny the good intentions of those who, with courage and much fighting, planted the flag across the Seven Seas, but I most emphatically deny that the world is more peaceful, secure and happy because of their labors and the slaughter which inevitably accompanied their toil and fighting. It is impossible by such means to live in peace and security.

Our Lord wept over Jerusalem because of the folly, ignorance and cruelty of man to man, and the failure of one civilization after another to do his will. His words ring down the ages to us. We British, like Rome and Israel, have succeeded in building a great empire of material things. So have other nations. Nowhere does the possession of vast territories or the piling up of individual or national wealth give peace and security, so true is the message, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

With great humility I challenge my fellow Christians, leaders and followers, to join in a new missionary effort. We must go back to Calvary, and with humility ask forgiveness for our own individual and national sin and for power to take our stand before the world, declaring our faith in the truth of the gospel messages and our willingness to give up all imperial domination, and with Julian say: "Thou hast conquered, O Galilean"—and mean it, as the first disciples meant it.

We shall be asked: "How do you propose to give effect to the teachings of Christ?" The League of Nations, led by some Christian country, must turn its at-

tention away from the proposal to insure peace merely by means of disarmament. Nations which are bankrupt refuse to submit to conditions which they consider intolerable. They demand and exercise the right to arm in order to safeguard their interests. Imperialist nations, such as ours, desire to retain the possessions which they have secured by force. Those nations who desire to follow our example, and become great imperialist powers, wish to use the same kind of force to win for themselves what is sometimes described as "a place in the sun."

As has been said, the "haves" want to retain all they possess, and, as they possess nearly all that is worth while in the world, the "have-nots" believe that in order to get a fair deal they must be prepared to fight for it. Japan has ruthlessly pursued western methods in her dealings with China; and when challenged, replied with yet another challenge, as yet unanswered: "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." No nation answers this challenge, because all the great powers built their empires on the same foundation of war and domination.

All Europe is an armed camp. Fear is in the heart of every government. We sing and speak as if God made us mighty and powerful and created our nation specially to control and rule the world. Herr Hitler goes one better and claims that there has never been such a people as the Germans. They are the chosen of God to rule and dominate mankind. He will not tolerate Britain ruling on sea or land or in the air. He substitutes for "Rule, Britannia," the German slogan, "Germany over all." These claims, either by ourselves or Germany, are anti-Christian. Our faith teaches us that God is Father of us all. All of us are his children. In his sight we are neither bond nor free, neither Gentile nor Jew.

All Christian nations must give up this senseless nationalism which creates bitterness and war, and in its stead we must be willing to join in a great international effort to rebuild the world on the basis of cooperative service. We who are powerful and great must be willing to pay the price of peace and become servants; be willing to put all our gifts, material and moral, into the common pool. A learned archbishop has said, "Civilization will be saved if it is worth saving," and our religion will never die, even though the mass of the people may reject it. Both civilization and our religion are worth saving, and will be saved if we who call ourselves Christians become more sincere and faithful. It is our privilege and our duty to repudiate the quite unworthy, fatalistic belief that all civilizations and religions must decay. Our business is to keep Christ's church militant here on earth and to make the world safe for a civilization based on that religion.

The forces of barbarism are on the march. All nations are goose-stepping together to destruction. To meet this crisis I ask that the Christian churches of all lands shall demand from their rulers a declaration that they have given up all desire for imperial conquests, and intend in the future to rule in any part of the world only with the consent of the governed; and, because we wish for neither power nor domination over others, we will from henceforth depend for our existence on the laws of love and service as taught by our Lord, and not on force; and without waiting for the others' aid will disband our armed forces and invite the world to follow our example.

Such a declaration would for the first time in human history give mankind a lead toward peace and security from a Christly government.

From The New Outlook.

A Pastoral Prayer

By Andrew Gillies

ALMIGHTY GOD, our common Father, we have met together to give thanks to Thee for Thy great mercies to us as a people, and this we gladly do. We do not attempt to enumerate our blessings, for it cannot be done, and we know it. Our vision is distorted. Our scale of values is too small. Too often we confuse pleasure with benefit, discipline with disaster, the results of our own stupidity with divine disfavor and material prosperity with progress.

But the eyes of many are being opened and we thank Thee for it. Ears, long deaf to the reproaches of an enlightened conscience, are being unstopped. The evils which have cursed us as a nation are being revealed in their true nature, and the implications of democracy, freedom, brotherhood and justice as they exist in the divine mind are being burned into the consciousness of a growing number.

We thank Thee too, our Father, that we are learning, though at terrible cost, our unity as a people; that when one is wronged, all are hurt; when one is exploited, all suffer; and when one suffers for the truth, the bloodstream of the whole race feels the infusion of new life.

We are learning that Thy laws are inexorable; that if we disobey or disregard them, we pay; that while right is forever on the scaffold and wrong is still on the throne in all too many places, nevertheless that scaffold does sway the future and that in the shadow Thou art keeping watch above Thine own.

Accept our gratitude for all this, O God, and be with us, as a people and as individuals, as we go forward on the road to whatever the future may bring. Bless not only the President and all with him in authority, but every last citizen.

Bring us to our knees in the confession of our sins, corporate and individual.

May we live up to what we know is the truth. May we have faith, undiscourageable faith in Thee and the efficacy of loyalty, in the power of good will. May war be done away, and all that goes to make war. Make us, by Thy power, a truly Christian nation, truly Christian men and women, and grant us by Thy grace uninterrupted progress toward that day when Thy kingdom shall come and Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Amen.

I Vote for the Moratorium

By Ware W. Wimberly

OUTRAGED at first by Doctor Fleming's suggestion of a two-year moratorium on preaching, sober second thought convinces me that he is a second Daniel. My first reaction of indignation was quite natural. One might as well tell the surgeons to quit operating and the Hamiltons and Farleys to quit campaigning as to tell preachers to quit preaching. What earthly good is a preacher who doesn't preach? What were we called to do if not to preach? And most of the brethren with whom I talked said the same.

But proper reflection suggests forcibly that our brother wasn't talking through his hat, that his pronouncement was not invoked by an aggravated case of the Monday blues or prompted by the fact that his previous Sunday sermons had been duds. I now see many arguments in support of his proposal, and the proposal itself as something worth writing your congressman about. I hereby list some of these arguments.

● *Preaching That Goes 'Round and 'Round*

First—is modern preaching getting us anywhere? The music goes 'round and 'round, and it comes out —— where? To be sure, a strong homily isn't absolutely sound and fury signifying nothing, and it is always possible that the cumulative effect of preaching may be far greater than we realize. But is the game worth the candle? The great majority of us preach, if not to the same people every Sunday, to the same type of mind. These people know about what they will hear, and we give them about what they expect. And they leave church neither converted nor changed, but merely confirmed in their already existing beliefs.

For most modern sermons are so framed that no one's feelings will be ruffled and the budget will remain unaffected. This explains why the prevailing formula for the compliment at the church door is, "I enjoyed your sermon." And having enjoyed it, the greater part of the congregation goes home to a dinner of roast pork and straightway forgets what manner of sermon it was. For it won't do to preach a sermon that people don't enjoy, that cancels their appetites, rocks them to their soul's foundations, and sends them to the preacher or to the Lord, crying, "What must we do to be saved?" As Halford E. Luccock well says, "Congregations are trained to expect genteel sermons which never get out of bounds." And, as Dr. Luccock humbly confesses has been the case with him, too much of our modern preaching is "the pulpit equivalent of Victorian needle-work."

All this was not so in the heydey of great preaching. St. Paul, Chrysostom, Luther, Calvin, Wesley, Edwards, Spurgeon—when they preached, the world sat up and took notice. Indeed, in my own youth, which wasn't so long ago, preachers more surely saw individual lives and communities take shape under the blows they delivered.

Ware W. Wimberly

But ask the average preacher of today what his preaching is actually accomplishing, and you'll throw him into a momentary panic. If he answers at all, it will be an expression of what he hopes his preaching is accomplishing.

● *Wanted—Time for Teaching!*

Second—the preacher needs time to exercise his teaching office. Of course, lest he lapse into preaching, he should make sure that his classes are discussion classes rather than lecture courses. But what preacher hasn't wanted a class where he could discuss with his people their common problems and the contemporary scene in the light of the gospel? We might thus begin to bridge the gulf between the social thinking of laity and clergy, or at least learn how wide that gulf actually is. And the width of it might so surprise us that we should realize we did indeed need two years in which to plan the right homiletical approach to the bridging of that gulf.

But what time is there to teach? There's the Sunday school hour, when the minister should never have to teach. Or there is a possible week night, when clubs and shows and now athletic contests make the assembling of a class impossible. Sunday is the ideal day. And the preacher who really preaches has no time on Sunday. Or if he has time for a class, he has little time for adequate preparation. It stirs the imagination to think of how much time a preacher could give to teaching if he didn't have to preach.

● *Pastoral Office to Be Exalted*

Third—the pastoral office would be emphasized and exalted. We hear much these days about the need for individual pastoral counsel. And scads of books are pouring off the presses designed to instruct the minister in the highly important work of dealing with the individual psychosis. But books alone will never make the minister competent. He must have time for study and for practice. And the minister who must prepare two sermons a week, not to mention other addresses, has little time for either. But with our two-year moratorium in force, he would have time. What an amazing lot he could learn! And what an amazing lot he could do! He might even find time for office hours, when the psychically needy could seek him out. And is it possible or not that such work might accomplish far more than does our preaching, toward making the gospel effective in the lives of individuals?

● *Protestants Should Learn To Worship*

Fourth—in two years, Protestants could learn to worship. For I am convinced that none of us, clergy and laity alike, know how. We go to church to hear men preach, which is a part of worship to be sure, but by no means all of it, as most Protestants believe. When we visit a city, do we go to a sanctuary to worship? We do not. We go to hear the Reverend Dr. Blank. But give us these two years, and both preacher and people might be led to an appreciation of public worship. The preacher would have time to plan and strength to conduct such services. Knowing there was to be no sermon, the people would almost be forced to make something of worship, to enter into it, and to learn thereby its riches. Would they listen more closely to the Scripture, knowing that it was not to be expounded later on? Would they follow more closely the pastoral prayer, which, because the preacher had more time for it, would be worth following? Better, would people learn to pray themselves? What an oppor-

tunity for both pulpit and pew to plan and to experiment! What a chance for the prophet to learn that he is also a priest!

● *Time Needed for Organizations*

Fifth—many organizations need more attention. A fellow minister told me that he groans under the weight of twenty-two of them, which some may think is at least nineteen too many. But there they are. And here mine are. Can we dissolve them? No. Have we time for them? Again, no. Who is sufficient for these things? That young people's society of mine languishes, and the dramatic club, a new and promising organization, needs more of my time. We could do a lot of planning with the missionary society on missionary education, and find a way to link up that society more definitely with the teaching work of the church. Two years would give us a chance to look the whole field over, reviving where we ought to revive and annihilating where we ought to annihilate.

● *A Sermon Should Be News!*

Sixth—at the end of two years, would there be people who were actually hungering and thirsting to hear a sermon, who would pass up the movie, the radio, the Sunday morning visit to Cousin Maude's if they could only hear their preacher preach?

In imagination, can't you see it headlined in the local papers, "The Reverend William Jones will preach Sunday!" A sermon would be news.

Quotable Verse

A Te Deum of the Commonplace

With hearts responsive
And enfranchised eyes,
We thank Thee, Lord—
For all things beautiful, and good, and true,
For things that seemed not good yet turned to good;
For all the sweet compulsions of Thy will
That chased, and tried, and wrought us to Thy shape;
For things unnumbered that we take of right,
And value first when first they are withheld;
For light and air, sweet sense of sound and smell;
For ears to hear the heavenly harmonies;
For eyes to see the unseen in the seen;
For vision of the Worker in the work;
For hearts to apprehend Thee everywhere;
We thank Thee, Lord!

JOHN OXENHAM.

Gloria in Excelsis

FOR majesty of mountain height;
For realms of light
And spaces where far spheres move by;
For barred, white mists that on the azure lie
And presently are dyed
In crimson flood—are glorified;
For interludes the winds sing as they pass;
For songs of joy hummed through the tasseled grass;
For hum of bees adrift where sweet blooms grow,
And hum of humbler life below;
For festal cups where birds stoop low to drink,
All fringed with mosses at the brink;
For brooks that ever pass
On errands through the parted grass;
For mirrored worlds
Seen dimly through the frothy swirls
Of torrents hurrying to the sea,
Or sleeping on the breast of majesty
Where inland waters lie;
O Heart, for Beauty's pageant, Joy's rapt songs swept by,
Throughout Time's vistas raise
Unbroken anthem, ceaseless breath of praise.

GEORGE KLINGLE.

Armistice

WE FACE the nations with one hand outstretched
In greeting, and with peace upon our lips;
But in our hearts a question, in our minds
The haunting echoes of the song of war,
The song that sets the world a-tremble still
And shakes the very pillars of our faith.
How long before the peace can pass our lips,
Can claim our minds and drive out old distrust?
To doubt mankind is but to doubt ourselves.
When shall our fingers dare to drop the sword,
While with unquestioning eyes we reach two hands
In open comradeship to all the world?

EUNICE MITCHELL LEHMER.

A True Peace

THE old world staggers, but a young, triumphant world is born.
Before the Tower of Babel, sound a clear, resurgent horn
And prophesy the jubilant dawn when a true peace will come!
Make the will of the world your trumpet, the heart of the world your drum!

LUCIA TRENT *and* RALPH CHEYNEY.

Is It a Dream?

IS IT a dream, and nothing more—this faith
That nerves our brains to thought, our hands to work
For that great day when wars shall cease, and men
Shall live as brothers in a unity
Of love—live in a world made splendid?
Is it a dream—this faith of ours that pleads
And pulses in our hearts, and bids us look,
Through mists of tears and time, to that great day
When wars shall cease upon the earth, and men,
As brothers bound by love of man and God,
Shall build a world as gloriously fair
As sunset skies, or mountains when they catch
The farewell kiss of evening on their heights?

G. A. STUDDERT-KENNEDY.

WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE

REV. ERNEST FREMONT TITTLE *has led* the activities of First Methodist church, Evanston, Ill., since 1918. Earlier pastorates were at Christiansburg, Dayton, Delaware and Columbus, O. Dr. Tittle has been special lecturer at Yale, Colgate-Rochester, DePauw, the University of Illinois and other schools and seminaries. Among his books are "Jesus After Nineteen Centuries," "What Must the Church Do to Be Saved?" and "A World That Cannot Be Shaken."

Rev. HUGH S. TIGNER, *who was graduated* from St. Lawrence university in 1931, has since been affiliated with the Universalist and Unitarian churches. He is at present minister of Christ Church, Universalist, Middletown, N. Y. Mr. Tigner is a contributor to many religious periodicals.

Rev. HAROLD C. CASE *is minister of* the First Methodist church, Topeka, Kan., of which Governor Landon is a member. An earlier pastorate was at Glencoe, Ill., a suburb of Chicago. Mr. Case received his theological education at Garrett seminary.

After thirty-two years of service as minister of the First Presbyterian church, Nashville, Tenn., Rev. JAMES I. VANCE has recently retired. Dr. Vance has been notably prominent in the work of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. He was at one time chairman of its executive committee on foreign missions and served also as moderator of the denomination. He has written many books, among them "Thus Pray Ye," "The Field Is the World" and "Being a Preacher."

Rev. LESLIE D. WEATHERHEAD *stands* in the focus of Protestant attention at this moment by virtue of his call to the pulpit of the City Temple in London, which is generally recognized as the cathedral pulpit of nonconformity. He stands in the succession of Joseph Parker, R. J. Campbell, Joseph Fort Newton and Frederick W. Norwood. Mr. Weatherhead has been for some years one of British nonconformity's most popular preachers. He is a Methodist. His two previous pastorates were at Manchester and Leeds. In both cities he preached regularly to great congregations. His books have had wide reading in this country as well as his own. Among them are "Psychology and Life," "Why Men Suffer" and "Discipleship," all published by the Abingdon Press. It is a satisfaction to give our readers Mr. Weatherhead's first sermon at the City Temple, the manuscript of which was mailed to the Pulpit immediately after its delivery.

A graduate of the Hebrew Union college and the University of Cincinnati, Rev. SAMUEL S. MAYERBERG has for eight years been rabbi of Congregation B'nai Jehudah in Kansas City, Mo. Rabbi Mayerberg is active in welfare work and was at one time president of the Jewish Children's home. He conducts courses on Old Testament literature and Hebrew history at the University of Kansas. His sermon published in this issue was broadcast last summer over the Columbia Broadcasting system.

Rev. AARON N. MECKEL *has just been* formally installed as minister of the Faneuil Congregational church, Boston, Mass. Mr. Meckel received his B.D. degree from Andover Newton Theological school last year. During seminary days he served as student pastor of the Community church of Newmarket, N. H. An earlier pastorate was in St. Paul, Minn.

Rev. ANDREW GILLIES *is minister of the* Third Presbyterian church, Syracuse, N. Y.

Rev. WARE W. WIMBERLY *is minister* of the First Presbyterian church, Greenfield, Iowa.

TITLES AND TEXTS

What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

ANDREW GILLIES, Third Presbyterian, Rochester, N. Y. "The Frontiers of Faith." Mat. 17:20—"If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, 'Remove hence to yonder place'; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you."

FOR YOUR SERMON AND TEXT

.....
Title of sermon

.....
Text used (write out the text)

.....
Name of minister

.....
Name of church

.....
Address

WILLIAM I. JONES, Church of the Palms, Vista, Cal. "The Pact of the Privileged." Num. 32:18—"We will not return unto our houses until the children of Israel have inherited every man his inheritance."

C. BYNUM BETTS, Associate Reformed Presbyterian, Clinton, S. C. "Horizontal or Vertical Thinking—Which?" Col. 3:2—"Fix your thoughts on the things that are above, not on those that are on earth." (Goodspeed)

CLARENCE E. MACARTNEY, First Presbyterian, Pittsburgh, Pa. "Calvary's Armistice." Col. 1:20—"Having made peace through the blood of His cross."

JAMES W. NIELL, Methodist, Montmorenci, Ind. "The Shadow of a Christian." Acts 5:15—". . . so that, when Peter passed, his shadow . . . might fall on one or other of them."

JAMES N. ZEIGLER, Baptist, South Norwalk, Conn. "Christian Ways and Means." Eph. 4:15a—"But speaking truth in love. . . ."

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

THE presidential campaign is near its close, and everyone must be grateful. As I write, the campaign has two weeks more to run; the "air" is heavy with much speaking; but I cannot imagine that a single vote will be gained or lost from now on—and I would extend the period to include the last four weeks of the campaign. The people are wearied with the barnstorming. The politicians themselves know that the election is already decided, but they must keep the welkin ringing with their synthetic pleadings until the final Saturday night. It has been the most unreal contest in our history. Not a single important issue has developed. Instead we have had a battle of straw men. The constitutional issue has not even ghostly substance. The communist issue is a sheer bugaboo. As for the fascist dictatorship issue, there is, indeed, some reality to it, but a tight reactionary administration such as the republicans have in mind would lead to fascism much more directly than would the more flexible and experimental policies of Mr. Roosevelt. This campaign is a fine illustration of the psychological principle of "rationalization." The arguments are synthetically made up. The real "arguments" are in the struggle of forces which lie behind the speeches—the struggle of the haves and the have nots, of the privileged and the un- and underprivileged. The one decisive consideration which will determine my vote is this: Which candidate, if elected, will in the long run extend the benefits of a humane civilization to the greater number of my countrymen?

Our Long Suffering Democracy

The Book of the Month

EARLY CHRISTIAN LIFE, *As Reflected in its Literature. By Donald Wayne Riddle. Willett, Clark & Co., $2.50.*

I HAVE become deeply intrigued by the new method of New Testament study called Form Criticism. I cannot account for my interest on the basis of any special training in this field, for I have only the average minister's equipment. But catching as I do certain drippings of erudition from the eaves of the Chicago Theological Seminary with which I have a prized but tenuous connection, I sense the presence of something revolutionary in New Testament study. And when a revolution is occurring I like to be within hailing distance, if not *in medias res!* So I have read the little book on Form Criticism by Frederick C. Grant, and several other books and articles. But nothing has so illuminated the whole New Testament period as has this new book by Dr. Riddle. It is not, strictly, a work of text criticism, but a historical reconstruction of the human situation in which Christianity began and grew into its early maturity. And this reconstruction rests largely upon the results of the application of form criticism to the four gospels. Of course, the letters of Paul and all the other New Testament books are utilized, and the non-canonical literature of the period also. The explanation of the greater popularity of the gospel with Gentiles than with Jews, is very revealing. The kinds of people, socially and culturally considered, to which Christianity made its first appeal, are described. The relation of the Christian movement to the mystery cults is made clear, and light is thrown upon the origin of much of the ideology of historic Christianity. The book is primarily a work of scholarship, but is so simply and interestingly done that one need not be a technical scholar to enjoy it.

A Thought for the Month

THERE are two ways of looking at an event. One is the way of the reporter. The other is the way of the prophet. In a time like ours it is exceedingly important that we distinguish the two. We are, today, at the mercy of the reporter. Each morning we hear the report of the fall of some new segment of the wall of civilization. The world's peace organization has come to naught. Democracy is in full retreat. The missionary enterprise is in serious trouble. Our newspaper reporters and our pulpit reporters and our sociological reporters and our statesmen reporters are all engaged in analyses of these situations. They undertake to tell us the why and the wherefore. They assemble all the available data and calculate what is likely to happen tomorrow or next year or next century. On the basis of their calculations the future looks terribly dark. Reading day after day the chatter of the "reporters" one easily becomes confused and downhearted. But there is another way of looking at the contemporary scene. It is the prophet's way. The prophet is the spokesman for the *incalculable* factors in the situation. That is what makes him a prophet. That is what distinguishes him from the reporter, whose business is to deal with *calculable* factors. The prophet's way of looking at events is no less rational than the reporter's way. The prophet knows that the human mind cannot grasp all the factors in a historic situation. It is bound to leave some out. It is likely to omit the most decisive factor. The prophet is, therefore, the spokesman of faith. He calls upon us to expect the unexpected. He counsels us not to be deceived by human calculations but to trust the God who sits in the shadow keeping watch. The Christian will not let himself be discouraged because he cannot "figure out" how the world can be saved. His faith rests upon the undiscourageable God whose ways are past finding out. In the hour that the reporter thinks not, in that hour the Son of Man cometh!

The Reporter and The Prophet

Charles Clayton Morrison

"The Minister's Professional Library"

A New Series of Authoritative Books

Its Intention: While the Christian ministry is primarily a vocation, its successful prosecution depends on proper technical equipment. High ideals call for high standards in presentation. The aim of the Minister's Professional Library is to supply the modern minister with a series of authoritative books covering the professional side of his work: the actual techniques of worship, preaching, the pastoral office, running the physical plant of the church. It will present and exemplify those high professional standards which are as necessary in the ministry today as they are in medicine or law. It will include only books addressed directly to the minister in his professional capacity. It is essentially a working library which will, in time, cover the whole field of ministerial activity. The first two volumes in this new series are described briefly below:

The Use of the Bible in Preaching

By Carl S. Patton

Dr. Patton, who is professor of homiletics, the Pacific School of Religion, Berkeley, Calif., does not agree with the New York clergyman who recently called for a moratorium on preaching. On the contrary, it is time, he urges, "for a renaissance of biblical preaching." The Bible is unfamiliar to the layman of today—who may still revere it but seldom reads it. Meanwhile critical research has made of it a new book. From a repository of dogma it has become a source book of history, especially the history of the original insights and experiences on which our religion is built. Dr. Patton shows how the minister, by using in the pulpit the results of biblical research, can preach dramatic sermons that vitalize the religious and ethical problems of today by showing how they were present in the lives of the Hebrews and early Christians. He does not suggest that the preacher discuss the higher criticism in the pulpit or himself become a higher critic. The up-to-date commentaries will give him all the ammunition he needs. Examples of sermons preached by the author to his congregations are given. The problem set the preacher by the emergence of "form criticism" is discussed.

$2.00

Plain Thoughts on Worship

By Edwin A. Goldsworthy

The minister of the First Baptist Church of Rahway, New Jersey, has had unusual opportunity to study the art of worship. He not only worshiped and later studied under masters of that art, but his father, William A. Goldsworthy, is organist in the famous St. Marks-in-the-Bowerie where the author spent some years collaborating with him in working out the forms of worship used by Dr. William Norman Guthrie. The author regards worship as the prime factor in the Christian life and deprecates the extremes of go-as-you-please informality and freakishness in the church service. Worship involves form but must retain sincerity, naturalness and vitality. His book will be found valuable both by ministers in liturgical and in "free" congregations. He includes children's worship, music and the use of drama in his simple but comprehensive presentation.

$1.50

Succeeding volumes in this series will be announced from time to time

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